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NOVEMBER, 1950

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

A Thanksgiving To God
For His House

Low is my porch, as is my fate,
  Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
  Is worn by th' poor
Who thither come and freely get
  Good words or meat.

• • • • •

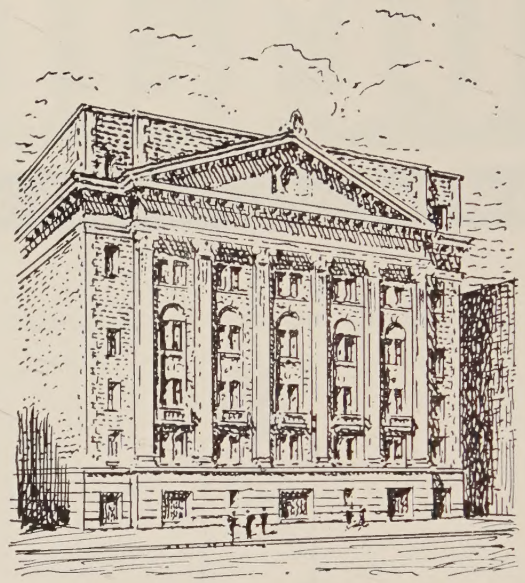
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
  With guiltless mirth.

• • • • •

All these, and better Thou does send
  Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
  A thankful heart.

—Robert Herrick

(Poems for the Great Days compiled by Clark and Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVII | ***November, 1950*** | *Number 8*

EIGHTEENTH SEASON

Dr. Bradley's

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures

November 1–"THE CARDINAL"
by Henry Morton Robinson

November 8–"ON BEING HUMAN"
by Ashley Montagu

November 15–"IS GOD IN HISTORY"
by Gerald Heard

November 22–"WORLDS IN COLLISION"
by Immanuel Velikovsky

November 29–"LOOK YOUNGER, LIVE LONGER"
by Gayelord Hauser

One hour lecture, 8:00 p. m. sharp
Every Wednesday
The Peoples Church Auditorium
Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road

OPENING

Twenty-Fifth Season
Sunday Evening Services
In The Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, November 5, 1950

7:00 O'CLOCK
2100 seats available

✠

HOMECOMING DEDICATION SERVICE
IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 8, 1950

Many people have spoken of the beautiful service
at The Homecoming Dedication on October 8th
and have requested that the entire service
might be included in the November Liberalist.
We are therefore publishing the service in its entirety.

OPENING SENTENCES:
(ON ENTERING A CHAPEL)

"Love built this shrine; these hallowed walls uprose
To give seclusion from the hurrying throng,
From tumult of the street, complaint and wrong,
From rivalry and strife, from taunt of foes—
If foes thou hast. On silent feet come in,
Bow low in penitence. Whoe'er thou art
Thou, too, hast sinned. Uplift in prayer thy heart.
Thy Father's Blessing waiteth. Read within
This holy place, in pictured light portrayed,
The characters of worthies who, from years
Long past, still speak the message here displayed
In universal language not to fade.
Leave then thy burden, all thy cares and fears;
Faith, hope, and love are thine, for thou hast prayed.

John Davidson.

THAT IMPOSSIBLE CHURCH

The first anthem sung in this church on our dedication Sunday 24 years ago today was the anthem "Unfold Ye Portals," and from year to year ever since we have tried to recapture the significance and beauty of that dedication service by repeating the music we used on that occasion.

Mr. Emerson Abernethy of blessed memory, who served with us so many years as our director of music, and Mr. Walter Flandorf gave this to us for the first time within these walls; and Mr. Wetzel, our present director, is repeating it for us this morning—Handel's beautiful anthem, "Unfold Ye Portals." Our soloist is Miss Ruth Shallet. Mr. Herbert Johnson, pianist, and Mr. Conrad K. Morgen, trumpeter, are assisting with the music.

* * *

The first Reading: I shall read some words from one of the great prophetic minds of the church in the United States, Theodore Parker. Theodore Parker was probably the most adventuresome thinker in the church of his generation, preaching for many years as he did in the City of Boston. He said this in one of his own sermons:

"The church that is to lead this century will not be a church creeping on all fours, mewling and whining, its face turned down, its eyes turned back. It must be full of the brave, manly spirit of the day, keeping also the good of times past. There is a terrific energy in this age for man was never so much developed, so much the master of himself before. Great truths, moral and political, have come to light. They fly quickly. The iron prophet of types publishes his visions of weel or woe, to the near and far. This marvelous age has invented steam, and the magnetic telegraph, apt symbols of itself, before which the miracles of fable are an idle tale. It demands, as never before, freedom for itself, usefulness in its institutions, truth in its teachings, and beauty in its deeds. Let a church have that freedom, that usefulness, truth and beauty, and the energy of this age will be on its side. . . . It must have our ideas, the smell of our ground, and have grown out of the religion in our soul. The freedom of America must be there before this energy will come; the wisdom of the nineteenth century, before its science will be on the churches' side.

"A church that believes only in past inspiration will appeal to old books as the standard of truth and source of light, will be antiquarian in its habits, will call its children by the old names and war on the new age, not understanding the man-child born to rule the world. A church that believes in inspiration now will appeal to God; try things by reason and conscience, aim to surpass the old heroes; baptize its children with a new spirit, and, using the present age, will lead public opinion, not follow it.

"Let us have a church that dares imitate the heroism of Jesus; seek inspiration as he sought it; judge the past as he; act on the present like him; pray as he prayed; work as he wrought; live as he lived. Let our doctrines and our forms fit the soul, as the limbs fit the body—growing out of it, growing with it. Let us have a church for the whole man: truth for the mind, good works for the hands, love for the heart; and for the soul, that aspiring after perfection, that unfaltering faith in God, which, like lightning in the clouds, shines brightest when elsewhere it is most dark."

* * *

The Second Reading:—We go to the greatest sermon ever preached, the greatest that ever will be preached; to

these familiar words from the Sermon on the Mount.

"And seeing the multitude, Jesus went up into a mountain. And when he had sat down his disciples came unto him. And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

* * *

The solo which follows will be sung by a member of the Peoples Church Quartet, one of the best known voices in this whole metropolitan area, one well known to all of our radio friends for the magnificent work which he has done in various musical organizations and societies in our city. Those of you who listen to the theatre of the air evenings, frequently hear him; those who listen to other musical programs often hear him, and for an entire year I had the opportunity of hearing him every morning during the week, for he was a member of our great program "Hymns of All Churches," which many of us recall. We are proud to have him as a member of our church quartet—Mr. Arwin Schweig; who is going to sing for us from Handel's "Judas Maccabeus," "Arm, Arm, Ye Brave." (SOLO)

DEDICATION SENTENCES: During the years, on each Sunday in which we have observed the dedication of our building, we have always spoken our words of dedication together, as Pastor and People. Will you kindly turn to the page of announcements on the church calendar which you have and let us repeat together these words which we have used so often down through the years. It is always a very solemn moment for me, because I cannot help but recall the changes which have come into our lives and into the life of our church with the passing of these years. I cannot help but recall as we read these words together, those whom we have loved long since and lost awhile who were always a part of this church.

Many members of our Board of Trustees sat here at that dedication service 24 years ago today and are no longer here; and many, many, many members of our church. Many of the changes which have come always settle down upon our memories in moments like these. I am thinking, as we rededicate this place again on this occasion, that in the great choir invisible those who have passed on into the further experience of life which follows death, cannot help but be looking down upon us and sharing with us in this solemn moment of rededication.

So, to all who were here at that time; to all who have come in and out of these walls and into the halls of this church through the years; to all who have been a part of our lives, the lives we have tried to touch with the healing inspirations of God's love, let us all unite, our radio friends and all who are here, in these solemn dedicatory sentences together:

"For the advancement of religion; for the achievement of a better social order; for the spiritual enrichment of individual life; for liberality of thinking; for the expression of true patriotism; for the highest service to this

city; in the spirit of love and fellowship; we, Pastor and People, hereby dedicate this church."

* * *

Poem: I am using a poem of Sam Walter Foss, which I am taking from the anthology of "1000 Quotable Poems" compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark. He calls it "What is The Church?"

"The church is man when his awed soul goes out
In reverence to a mystery that swathes him all about.
When any living man in awe gropes Godward in his search,
Then in that hour, that living man becomes the living Church,
Then though in wilderness or in waste, his soul is swept along,
Down naves of prayer, through aisles of praise, up altar-stairs of song,
And when man fronts the mystery with spirit bowed in prayer,
There is the universal Church—the Church of God is there."

* * *

Our Chorus Choir and Quartet, with Mr. LeRoy Wetzel at the organ and directing, will sing Handel's "Hallelujah, Amen."

* * *

Responsive Reading:

PASTOR—Infinite Spirit, life of our life, source of light that never sets and love that never fails, by the knowledge of Thy will and the inspiration of Thy love:

CHORAL RESPONSE—Teach us and lead us ever nearer to Thee.

PASTOR—By the work we have strength to do, by the truth we are permitted to learn, by whatever good there has been in our past lives and by the hopes that lead us on toward better things:

CHORAL RESPONSE—Teach us and lead us ever nearer to Thee.

Pastor—By the beauty and wonder of nature, by every token of Thy wisdom and power in the least as in the greatest, by every word of righteousness and truth, spoken by the wise and good in every age and made manifest in noble and saintly lives:

CHORAL RESPONSE — Teach us and lead us ever nearer to Thee.

PASTOR—By the kindness and love which have been about us from the beginning of our days even until now, by the relations of home and loyalty of friends, by the love of little children, by the very trials and bereavements which chasten and deepen our lives, by all the blessed memories of our dead:

CHORAL RESPONSE—Teach us and lead us ever nearer to Thee.

PASTOR—By all our experience; by the conflict of our souls with temptation, by our mistakes and failures, by our shame and repentance; by every sorrow and by every joy, in every circumstance and in every place:

CHORAL RESPONSE—Teach us and lead us ever nearer to Thee.

* * *

SILENT PRAYER: . . . . .

PRAYER: Dear Father: Our hearts are filled with love and gratitude for thy protection and thy love, thy care and inspiration through the years in the life of our church. And so, this morning, in this moment of rededication, we know not what the future hath of marvel or surprise, but underneath we know thou art, underlying; so our prayer today is one of dedication anew.

"Take our church; take its minister; take every member and all who are identified with this life and use us. May nothing stand in the way, nothing. May we rededicate ourselves to the noble basis upon which our church is founded and may it continue to be for years and years to come a great house of

inspiration and love. And when our work is done and our voice is stilled and others carry on into the tomorrow of life, may the spirit which has pervaded this institution continue to be for all who come within the aura of its life, a great home—a great spiritual home—where tired people can rest, and hearts are quiet, and where suffering bodies are healed, where love reigns. So we give our church and ourselves into thy hands. Use us as thou wilt."

CHOIR: Hear our prayer, Oh Lord. . . .

Dr. Bradley: The contrast to the storm which is raging outside this morning, in the quietness and peace and beauty which are inside the church is an experience which I am sure every person in the congregation shares with me. That is what a church should be; a great haven. A great refuge from the storm. So, while the weather is inclement and bad in Chicago this Sunday morning, there is peace and tranquillity and quiet in our souls and in our hearts, and The Peoples Church of Chicago wants to share that with every radio listener. WJJD is bringing our service to you direct from our pulpit and choir loft, and we want to share the beauty of this service with those who will give us the opportunity. While we are singing the hymn, I wish some of our listeners would call their friends and say to them, "Tune in to the Peoples Church on WJJD."

I accepted a survey which was made by one of the great radio reporting organizations in Chicago, and this week, in the report which that survey gave to me, was the interesting fact that 7% of all those listening to a radio at the time the Peoples Church is on the air are listening to the Peoples Church services. That doesn't mean that 7% of the people are listening; I wish they were; but it does mean that 7% of the radios tuned in are tuned to the Peoples Church; and the survey told me that that meant that we were reaching more than 80,000 homes with this broadcast. Now, as I stand in my pulpit in the Peoples Church and envision the fact that 80,000 homes are tuned in to this service, you can experience with me the sense of responsibility I have and which this church has, because in those 80,000 homes, the record shows the average number of listeners is more than four, so that means 320,000 people in those homes are listening; and that is the largest listening audience of any religious broadcast on any station; yet it is not enough. So I am going to ask the cooperation of our friends this morning who are listening to WJJD, and while we are singing the hymn preceding the sermon, will you go to your telephone and invite some friend to tune in and listen to the sermon following this hymn—"Faith of Our Fathers," to the fine old tune of St. Catherine.

"THAT IMPOSSIBLE CHURCH"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
In the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, October 8, 1950

A QUARTER of a century less one year has passed since that unforgettable Sunday morning when I walked into this pulpit of our new church for the first time, and for the first time in its history this congregation, now in its 39th year, had a home of its own. The experience and my emotions on that particular occasion, I can easily recapture. Many of you recall how new things were. There was no tradition of worship back of us, in a church home of our own. I wonder how many people in the congregation this morning were present at that dedication service 24 years ago this morning. I should like to see the hands, in the balcony and mezzanine too—yes, there are several there. Well, this is astounding to me. I almost thought that I was the only one who was here 24 years ago this morning. I am delighted and I am equally amazed that there should be so many in the congregation this morning who remember that dedication service.

You will recall that our organ was not finished, so we depended entirely upon the piano. The carpeting was not finished; the seats were very new; the whole atmosphere was strange; and I remember the feeling which I had as I stood up here to preach that first sermon from this pulpit. It has never left me and I don't suppose that it ever will.

The years have done many things to us all; things to the church, to the minister. The inevitable passing of these years cannot help but bring changes and adjustments and, above all, maturity.

I was a very much younger preacher those days than I am today and, as I recall, I think I knew a great deal more. I knew what was the matter with the world and everybody in it. I knew what was the matter with religion and the church. I had all of the exuberance and enthusiasm of adolescence and of early inexperience in my professional life. The years have done something to me and to the church and something to us all. As I recall that morning service, this fine church sanctuary was filled to overflowing. We had to have admission by card that morning, and in that service we had the architect, Mr. Pettibone. He was the architect of the diocese of the State of Illinois and he presented the keys to this building to the chairman of our building committee, Mr. C. K. Anderson, after whom we named Anderson Hall in this building, and without whose help and cooperation this building never could have become a reality. As I look back to that Sunday morning today, not a single person with only one exception is living today who had a part in that dedication service. Every member of our Board of Trustees, with the exception of one man has passed on. Mr. Anderson is gone; the architect is gone; the organist is gone; the director of our music is gone; all of these people who were so much a part of this church a quarter of a century ago are no longer with us, and so far as I know, only one person who had much to do with the construction of this building and particularly the installation of the electrical equipment of this building is still with us. We are fortunate in having the services and the interest, which deepens and increases with the years, of Mr. Thomas A. Harrison, who is a member of our Board of Trustees, Treasurer of

our church, who has handled during these years all of the financial responsibility of this church and this building. Mr. Harrison is still with us, active and splendid. And then Mr. Frank Bryan of our ushering staff, who worked on the electrical installation of this building has been spared to be with us at this service. And associated with us of course and with Mr. Harrison is Mrs. Harrison, who has been our secretary and has been very active in planning all of the details that are connected with the activities and the work of our church; and now 24 years have passed.

The world has changed, changed as even the most prophetic-minded of us could not possibly conceive would happen within the space of a quarter of a century, and now we face the last half of the 20th century. The church has been a vital institution through 39 years of that century. How much activity there is left for me in the remainder of that century none of us know, but we do face still a changing world, until one of the observers who has sought to interpret history for us has said that the only changeless thing in human history is change. We are certain that just as the past has meant changes in all of our lives in everything, so likewise the future will bring changes as well.

The Peoples Church of Chicago, following in the tradition of little churches for the past hundred years in the life of the religious community of the United States in a true sense has been an experimental church. There has been a great tradition extending through the centuries for organized ecclesiasticism in the form of the church. It had the basis and the solidarity of a certain dogmatism that wrote a creed, presented that creed to humanity and said "This is religion in its final expression," so that organized ecclesiasticism down through the centuries has been pretty largely a static institution. It has attempted through the evolution—and it has been evolutionary in its doctrines and dogmas—in its doctrines and dogmas to meet and has successfully met, in the wide area of influence the challenge of humanity. It has been an historic and a noble and a continuing institution, but there were those who have felt, as I have always felt during my entire ministry, that the sum total of all religious truth could not be expressed within the area of a definite creed; that there was no human mind sufficiently elastic in its comprehension of divine truth to incorporate all there is of divine truth within a creed; that there was no organization on earth which could be sufficiently devoid of those appurtenances which were human and materialistic, as to possibly stand as the whole of Christian truth, and consequently there have been, down through the ages, beginning traditionally, interestingly enough, in Transylvania and in Hungary, in the heart of the Balkans, great individualistic minds, fully as great as the mind of Luther and fully as competent to analyze the fidelity and reality of religious truth as any of the ancient seers or prophets in the area of religion; and these independent minded people have felt that there was no adequate organization in which they could adequately express the full scope of their religious needs and their religious personalities, with the result that for centuries there have been in the world great independent thinkers, independent minds who were not literalists, who did not have a blind spot in their thinking, and for whom the quality of faith did not mean accepting any religious theory which was contrary to the dictates of reason or contrary to the

noblest instincts of the human heart, with the result that they found it impossible for them to give their loyalties to any ecclesiastical institutionalism, whether it was Roman Catholic or whether it was Protestant—it did not matter. They felt that a person's religion was a very personal matter and that one's relationship between himself and the infinite was a relationship which did not need either the introduction of another personality or another institution; that one's quest for a sense of God was a very personal quest. Therefore, they felt there was nothing in the nature of organization or institution or personality that was wholly adequate to meet the requirements of the human quest for the reality of God. So while they were never inclined to interfere or prevent any individual expression of religious loyalty on the part of any person whatever, they did retain for themselves that which they refused to deny another—the opportunity of thinking for themselves in religion; the opportunity of finding an experience with God wherever that opportunity existed, whether it came from the heart of a flower, from the midnight sky, a sunset, or whether it came from the heart of a friend or the friendly love of a little dog. Wherever they found it they found something that cultured their soul, and to them the quest for the reality of God was a perfectly valid quest and no church had a mortgage on that and no creed could deny any individual that experience; they felt no amount of tradition, either in form or ceremony could prevent that individual from that relationship with the eternal. They respected every man's religion, they honored every person's home, as this church has always respected every person's religion and has honored every person's altar, so that through the years we have tried to create the friendly environment that every person of every creed, Catholic and Protestant and Jew and every person of every color, white and black and red and yellow and brown, was welcome here; that here there was no formality and dogmatism. Here we never say to a questing soul "You believe as we believe or you are wrong." We have never attempted to incorporate the attitude that this church is the only true church and every other church is not right. In that respect this church has become, as all great liberal, free churches in a measure are, by every standard and every tradition of the past, "An Impossible Church." People felt that any church that was grounded upon such tolerance and such appreciation and such evaluation could not possibly be any church at all and could not possibly survive; couldn't possibly project itself into society as a great force or as a powerful influence in helping human souls.

This impossible church, The Peoples Church of Chicago, never yet asked any individual who has come here and sought membership, "What do you believe?" No person has ever been asked that. We have respected from the beginning every person's belief. And I hope after the voice you are now hearing is silent and perhaps not even a memory, that no person will ever be asked in this church "What do you believe?" and that no person will ever be told "You must believe this or you must believe that." This impossible church has never taken that position and I hope it never will. This church has always stood for and I hope will always stand for the willing acceptance of every new truth. To me the only basis and the most fundamental aspect of all true religion is to be found in the principle of growth.

Religion was not unfolded to man by some great demonstration or revelation in one particular little hour of human history. The church never grew

full blown into the experience of an institution. Truth is never revealed suddenly in a particular era and then inspiration closed. I believe there is more truth to be revealed than the world has yet known. I believe there will be churches to come and expressions of religion in society in the centuries which are yet unborn which will so far transcend everything which is so combative and argumentative today in the area of religion that if you and I could come back to this universe and to this world in that time, we would hardly be able to recognize what we now call religion. I believe that the mind and heart of man is continuously and progressively and creatively evolving toward the infinite and the eternal; I care not what one's ecclesiastical position might be; I care not whether they hold the highest ecclesiastical office within the gift of ecclesiastical machinery; I care not what their status might be in their respective ecclesiastical group, whether they are Catholic or Protestant, I still say, and as kindly and with as great humility as I can express, that we have not yet even touched the hem of the garment of divine truth; that the availability of that divine truth belongs in a continuous, evolving development of the human spirit. Therefore in this church there has never been a conflict between true science and true religion.

This church welcomes the telescope; it makes a larger cosmos and a conception of it. This church does not live in the little circumscribed area of man's previous experience with God which was surfeited with superstition and impregnated with fear. This church and the great liberal tradition of religion believes that there is more to be revealed, that there is more spiritual experience for the heart of man than it has ever known; therefore it takes religious truth wherever it can find it. It accepts the best of the great traditionalists in the area of external experience of the church; it takes the best truth wherever it is to be found; it consorts with the scientists; it believes, as I fundamentally believe, that the God of the cosmos and the God of science and the God of the universe is the same God who is Our Father.

I believe in that divine principle and I believe in the same power which holds the universe within the pattern and framework of fundamental law. I believe that the same universe that is following out the materialistic, mechanistic, physical laws, in the rain and the thunder and the lightning which you are hearing while I speak these words, that pervading the whole universe and the whole cosmos is the spirit of the eternal and the divine; and when fear and superstition and anger and hate and all the other media which conflict with man's contact with the divine, when these are all eliminated, and the human spirit sees through the mechanistic materialism of organized religion and of dialectic materialism in the field of political and economic philosophy, and through all of the blind obedience to the blind forces of nature, and develops a sensitiveness to spiritual truth, that person is a religious person; that person is as much a true Christian as though they accepted all the creeds, followed all the ceremonies and obeyed all the mandates of ecclesiastical formality; for the religion of Christ is not to be found in its complete adequacy in the mechanics concerning Christ, or a theology about Christ, but the truth of the Christian religion of Christ and of God is to be found in the renovating, loving, healing, strengthening experience which the individual soul has with the eternal Father. No church controls that. No organization controls that. No institution can tell you what you must believe or what you must not

believe. Look with suspicion on anything which would limit your relationship with God. Every individual in the church on this dedicatory Sunday, every person listening to WJJD, to this broadcast, I care not who you are, I care not what you are, I care not what the storms have done to your life or the scars that life has left on your body, this I know; that God, the eternal power of truth and beauty and love is available to you, and you have done nothing, you have been nothing, you have said nothing and life has done nothing to you, nothing that can prevent you from having the experience of power, of recovery, of redemption in the presence of God. Therefore, this impossible church, which by the standards of all kinds of ecclesiastical power is impossible, has stood all through these years, and it will stand I pray, as we dedicate ourselves to the tomorrow, for a realization that God is eternally just, eternally true, eternally powerful; that this is His world; that every person has within their heart a little spark of His divine heart. It is a powerful thing to realize that you are a part of God—that you have God in your heart and in your life. So let us, you and I and all of us respect the spiritual, religious highway of another, and walk, not with a crutch, not with a prop, not demanding security, and not requiring authority, but as free spirits, free living souls, with brain and heart and mind and love, marching, marching up the highway of the years, and all marching toward God.

Power comes to a life then, power. Troubles straighten out; health flows back into the body; problems assume their proper proportion.

God is available to every individual, and the power that comes from the experience of God will transform your life and recreate a world. Therefore, to all churches, this impossible church by their standard says, "We will walk with you and work with you and you must give to us what we extend to you, freedom of worship, freedom of thought, freedom to live the free, pure way of the Christ, who said to all, in an imperishable sentence, 'Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.' "

* * *

OFFERTORY

To the teaching of the highest way of living
To the healing of broken hearts
And the soothing of fevered brows
To the leading of every child to
The knowledge and love of good
We consecrate these gifts.
To a world-building of the kingdom of
Friendship, understanding and love
We consecrate these gifts.
By this offering we are about to make,
We consecrate our wealth,
Our efforts and our lives!
Amen.

* * *

DR. BRADLEY: Our church has tried to stand through the years for the things which I have outlined this morning; so we have had to stand the difficulties and the problems of the financial support of our church.

This building cost over $800,000. We have no endowment. There are no rich people in this church, endowing the church or making large gifts. From the very beginning of this church we have had to depend upon your contributions, nothing else. The people we have tried to help are the people who have maintained this work. I think on this anniversary Sunday you would not think it improper for me to ask for an Anniversary Offering.

I wish that every radio listener would say to this church this week, "Dr. Bradley, here is a dollar as an anniversary offering." If only 50% of the people who are listening to my words now would say "Dr. Bradley, here is a dollar we are sending to you,

at the Peoples Church," we could pay off the remaining $80,000 which this church owes and has owed through these years. It could be done. Not one person doing a lot, but a lot of people doing a little. I ask the same from every person here in this fine congregation this morning.

You will never know how you have gladdened my heart by coming out this rainy morning. A fine people you are! Now let's follow through with this other step and whatever you had made up your minds to give when I anounced the offering, I am going to ask you to just double that offering you intended to give. If you were going to give 25c, make it 50. If you were going to give a dollar, make it two, and IF YOU WERE GOING TO GIVE A FIVE DOLLAR BILL—DON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND! Keep right on doing it. But let us have a great offering this morning!

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

The memorial service for Mrs. Bradley has been printed in a special edition because of the many requests we have been unable to fill. A copy is available to you with a subscription to The Liberalist.

* * *

I notice through the years that many of you desire the same seats season after season. It has never been the practice of this church to sell seats to anybody and I hope it never will be, but we do reserve seats. On the great days we are crowded out, and it is interesting to know your seat is going to be there for the first note of the processional. If any of you would like to reserve seats, the seat for the whole church year is only $10, and you can pay it as you see fit. If you would like to have a definite seat reserved every Sunday, we will try to make it available to you.

Keep Me Humble

By NEWAYGO NEWT

"Dear Lord, please keep me humble
That I may enjoy the simple things of life.
Let me not lose sight of them
In a world oft torn with strife.

The wond'rous beauty of a flower in bloom;
The melodies of singing birds;
The gracefulness of scudding clouds;
Contentment of the grazing herds.

The gurgling of a woodland stream;
The swaying beauty of a tree;
The handclasp of a common man;
Such things are good enough for me.

Let others strive for lofty heights;
For artificial things they crave;
I'll settle for a moonlit lake
With lulling sounds of lapping wave.

So, Lord, while others ask for things,
Rare things they wish you to provide,
Please, Lord, just keep me humble
And walk forever by my side."

* * *

Beloved Little Home Town

I often wonder how 'twould be
To have no single memory
Of sun-kissed fields and babbling brooks,
Of swimming holes and shady nooks,
Of corn fields green and berries red,
And but the blue sky overhead.

Of bobsleds, cutters, one-hoss shays,
Of barefoot tramps on rainy days,
Of turning leaves and walnut stains,
And lots of things I could recall . . .
'Twould take a week to name them all.

I've journeyed far away from these,
In searching for a life of ease;
I've found it not, 'tis just beyond,
And to my call does not respond.
But I am rich in memories dear
That last thru many a stormy year.

I would not trade the years gone by
For all the city's smoky sky,
And so I've pity for the man
Who cannot sit and dream again
Of small town things that I recall . . .
Bitter and sweet, I love them all.

—Marie Erickson, Evanston.

(Reprinted by permission of "Wake of the News," Chicago Tribune.)

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent ..... 9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast by WJJD ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday Evening Service ..... 7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures by Dr. Bradley ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—November 6, 1:00 p.m. Business and Announcements. Art, Literature and Drama Departments present Frank Keith, Artist-Poet, in recitation sketching.

The Metropolitan Players in "Happy Journey."
Chairmen: Mrs. M. W. Bradway and Mrs. Wm. Hartwick
Hostesses: Mrs. C. Kaufman, Mrs. C. Chirpe, Mrs. G. A. Schweizer and Mrs. N. S. Waite

November 13, 1:00 p.m.—Business and Announcements. Annual Donation Tea. Program to be announced

Professional and Business Woman's Club—
November 7, 8:00 p.m. Annual Bazaar Donation Night. Donations for the Business Woman's Booth at the Bazaar will be received.
Ethel Wells Smalley will give an intimate chat on "The Bumble Bee Did It," with helpful suggestions for any club

Men's Club—November 27, 8:00 p.m., Anderson Hall. The Program will be presented by the "Clown Club" of Sears, Roebuck Y.M.C.A. A group of young men will present four or five comic skits, in costume, lasting about 15 minutes each in length. This program is scheduled as "a riot." Refreshments, Guest fee 50c

The Uptown Players—Studios 869 N. Dearborn, MIchigan 2-3105.
November 5, 4:00 p.m., Drama Tea, presenting Mabel Menghini, concert soprano, with Joe Anderson at the piano; also a one-act play under the direction of Otto Senz. Anderson Hall. 90c, inc. tax.
November 12, at 3:00 p.m., at their studios, 869 N. Dearborn. Auditions for membership.
November 25th and 26th, Saturday evening at 8:30 and Sunday matinee at 3:00, their November production, "Born Yesterday." Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. 11th St.

Channing Club (young people of High School age)—
1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Bradley Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals—Every Friday night in the Church Auditorium .... 8:00 p.m.
Ushers' Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.
Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall .... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon .. 3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon ..... 3:30 p.m.
Senior Scout Troop No. 224, every Thursday night, Bradley Hall .... 7:30 p.m.
Boy Scouts—Cub Pack No. 3864—4th Friday each month, Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD — Every Sunday at 11 a.m.

Annual Peoples Church *BAZAAR*

Thurs., November 16 Friday, November 17

The Bazaar will be open all day Thursday, with luncheon served at 12 o'clock and dinner at 5:30.

No luncheon will be served on Friday. The Bazaar will open at noon on Friday and dinner will be served at 5:30.

Luncheons 85c Dinners $1.50

The Bazaar will be held in Anderson Hall of The Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road.

Every organization in the church will have a booth at the Bazaar. Mark the dates on your calendar. Bring your donations.

Bring the family. Bring your friends. Come prepared to shop for Christmas.

Spread the good news! PEOPLES CHURCH BAZAAR!

Preview of the Bazaar on Wednesday evening, November 15th, after the Book Lecture, when Dr. Bradley will officially open the Bazaar!

The Bazaar booths will be in charge of the following people:

Aprons.....Mrs. Leona Amore
Bazaar Display Platform.Mrs. E. Pierce
Chance Books.....Mrs. Paul H. Raabe
Church School.....Mrs. K. Hudson
Donation Chairman.Mrs. T. A. Harrison
Fancy Goods.....Mrs. G. Schweizer
Mrs. J. Baer
Food and Candy.....Mrs. Wm. Emrich
Handkerchiefs.....Mrs. E. Pierce
Mrs. C. Kaufman
Men's Club Booth..Mrs. Wm. Hartwick
Mrs. F. Bryan, Mrs. L. H. Hangel
Pillow Cases.....Mrs. M. Leonard
Mrs. F. Kemler, Mrs. C. Larson,
Mrs. C. Randall
Professional and Business Woman's Club.....Miss Grace Rozanski
Refreshments—Channing Club.....
.....Mrs. E. Brouton
Towels.....Mrs. Wm. Goetsche,
Mrs. M. Bryant, Mrs. D. Cook,
Mrs. M. Sammons
Uptown Players..Mr. J. Bradley-Griffin
White Elephant.....Mrs. A. Cameron,
Miss M. Byrnes, Mrs. W. Fowler,
Mrs. C. Wicklin, Mrs. C. Zink

Thursday, Nov. 16, 1950
Friday, Nov. 17, 1950
Anderson Hall, The Peoples Church
941 Lawrence Av. at Sheridan

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

PROBABLY there is no listener within the range of my voice to whom that beautiful song "Sweet Mystery of Life" is not familiar. Words seem to have limitations, even though they may be used by the great artists of imagery and creative speech, but life's deepest meanings, its most intangible influences can best be expressed in music—the universal language that all can understand. Those influences are not spoken, they are experienced—something which is vitally a part of our deepest spiritual selves —the mystery—the sweet mystery of life.

Each one of us comes into this world without being consulted; we have no control whatever over our origin. We were picked out of the cosmos, some maintain by some direct objective of Creative power, others maintain that it is purely an accidental phenomenon of the same cosmos, but whatever it is, you and I did not choose our origin. You did not choose your nationality, your color, your race, the place where you were born, the circumstances under which you were to meet life—we had nothing to do with it. We just became. And all those who retain a normality of life will have nothing to do with their leaving life. Our entrance into life and our exit from life are both out of our hands. We are individual identities afloat in a great cosmos, and yet at the beginning we would have all perished if loving hands and loving hearts had not been there. You and I in that hour of origin were helplpess, but love was there, skill was there; someone wanted us to live, and we lived through a moment over which we had no control, and with which we had nothing to do— the mystery of life. Out of all the resources of creative life, is the miracle of birth. And from the moment of birth to the moment of death, mystery, mystery everywhere! until the great hearts and great minds that have paused to look with reflection and interpretation upon the whole life-process, as we see it from the seed into the flower and ripened grain, as we see

it in the agonizing, indescribable and unutterable emanations from the eyes of a wounded soul, from the time we see it in the tear-stained faces of unremembered love; from the time we see it in the scars that bedeck the countenances of those who knew hope, beauty and loveliness, and have had the scars deepened and chiseled by sin and failure, straight through these years,—mystery—until the Poet Tennyson could utter these immortal words: "Little flower—but if I could understand—What you are, root and all, and all in all—I should know what God and man is."

Mystery of life! Is it any wonder that in man's effort to rationalize the universe of which he is a part, he finally comes to a stone wall with a question mark on it? One of the greatest scientists that has been produced—a great scientific mind, in these last few years has said: "We scientists go on and on and on from hypothesis to experimentation; from experimentation to verification, and then back and forth we go, but always at the end,—the question mark! Because that question mark is always there, need that create any despair in the heart and mind of man? No, because there is an explanation to the mystery of life; there is a penetration beyond the question mark which the sensitive, spiritual soul can experience, in spite of what the brutality of the materialistic world can do to one; in spite of the strain and pressure of economic necessities of life; the necessity for food, clothing, a roof over our heads. However, as long as we have food, comfort, a satisfaction of the materialistic, the important truths are neglected; and men eat, drink, laugh and live as though that were the fulfillment of life. Yet even to them there come moments of awakening — moments when they will be stabbed by the consciousness of the sweet mystery of life, which becomes such a dominating imperative that one is like a little child lost in the crowd. So the heart of man, in the great crowded ways of the world's life, with the marts of trade all about him everywhere, his ears attuned to the jingling of money, with all the pressure and all the objectivity, all the materialism of navies and bombs and guns, boundaries, soldiers and statesmen—the heart of man cries out,—for the need and depth of the human soul cries out for sustenance that nothing in the material world can give. No wonder he cannot stand to go through life to the very end without something which suggests to him a higher altitude than he has ever known. The lights go out, bitterness comes, memory stalks, and unkindness and cruelty have done their worst, and all of the world has battered, pummeled, and pounded man into a jelly-like mass of blood and bone and hair—then man cries back to the childhood of the race—"I want the answer!"

I think that all the superficial aspects of life, the colossal waste of our finest energy in the things that do not matter, I think all of this emphasis on food and drink, gambling and lust, and the things that tear the soul of man apart, are bringing man to the point where he is ready to cry like a little child—"I have lost my way!" And there is no more agonizing glint in the eye of either beast or man than when they are lost. Nothing awakens my pity more, as I go about the city's streets, than to see a beautiful animal, someone's dog, with the chain snapped, and that bewildered animal trying to dodge traffic. You reach out your hand and it will turn away. Lost! To be astray on a city's street is tragedy supreme in all the animal world. A dog, looking for some-

one it has loved and lost; that's tragedy. Man, squandering, buying, building—pride, bigness, power,—poor, simple man, lost from someone who loved him. No wonder the poet-lyricist could write, "Ah, sweet mystery of life; for it is love and love alone that rules the world."

If all this is true, and would you deny to me that it is true if you are really thoughtful about it? Is it untrue? And if LOVE is the answer, and if life has sweetness in its mystery, obviously, what ought we to do? Find love again, ought we not? If love is the answer, and it is, what is behind the heartaches of the world? Behind the ambitions of imperialism; and racial hatreds; and religious bigotry. What's the answer to it all? I think I know; for the answer to the mystery and to the problem is just love—beautiful, simple love. Why cannot we find that? Why don't we give it a chance? Love saved us, it keeps us; all that most of us are working for is because we love somebody. We love humanity; we love someone deeply and dearly, so we work and plan and sacrifice so some little heart will leap with joy; or so that a smile of benign benediction, kind and beautiful, will go across the face of some elderly person we love. That's what it is all about finally—love—it is not about any thing else except that—and yet we lose the way. But whether you are a Jew or a Gentile, whether you are black or white, Christian or Atheist, the answer is to be found in the *love of the Master of Men;* pure, simple love.

"NOT UNDERSTOOD"

By Walter Eccles

"Not understood,
We move along asunder—
Our path grows wider, as we go down the years.
We marvel and we wonder why life is life,
And then we fall asleep—
Not understood.

Not understood,
We gather false impressions,
And we bring them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
And thus men rise and fall, and live and die—
Not understood.

How many breasts are aching, how many spirits pass away—
Not understood!
O God, that men should see a little clearer
Or judge less harshly when they cannot see!
O God, that men would draw a little closer
To one another, and they'd be nearer Thee—
And understood."

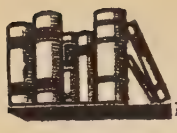
From "Poems for Life"
Thomas Curtis Clark Anthology

COMMUNITY THANKSGIVING SERVICE THANKSGIVING MORNING

Thanksgiving morning, November 23rd, The Peoples Church will hold its Annual Community Thanksgiving Service, from 11 a.m. to 12 noon.

As is customary, the Country Church of the City (Granville Avenue Methodist), Mr. Benjamin M. Will, Pastor, will unite with us in this service, as will the North Shore Kiwanis and the Uptown Lions Club and other civic organizations of the city.

Rev. Mr. Will will assist in the service, which will be broadcast by WJJD direct from the pulpit of the church.



BOOK CHATS

THE Falmouth Publishing House, of Portland, Maine, has just recently published a very tiny book of forty pages, called "Meet God." Ruth DeBertram Allen is the author. In addition to being an author, she is a teacher and lecturer. She was born in Lawrence, Mass., the daughter of a retired railroad crane engineer and building contractor. She is a college teacher in comparative religion, philosophy, history of education and psychology. Her special interests include geology, astronomy, literature, etc. She is the wife of Laurence C. Allen (attorney-at-law and businessman) of Sanford, Maine, and resides with her family at their home. She has a son, a High School Freshman, and a daughter who is in Junior High. Also an adopted stepson, who is a Junior at Bowdoin College.

Mrs. Allen says "We're in a world crisis." What do you believe? And in commenting on her book she says that not long ago she became convinced that the only way to fight Communism and its ideology (which to Communists is a religion) is to reaffirm, restate, and strengthen a positive belief in God, or in her opinion offer a better religion.

In the preface to her little book, the author says: "At no time in history has there been so great a crisis, two opposing ideologies in a death grip with each other. The one is a supposedly God-Rejecting government, the other a supposedly God-Accepting government. Is there no common ground? What exactly is the issue?

"Those in the God-Rejecting government," continues Mrs. Allen, "have done just that, rejected the old ideas of God that once were theirs. But still they worship. A God is to be worshipped. What they have done is to substitute for their old ideas of God a Lenin or a Stalin. Men and leaders they now worship. They did not grow to a conception higher than what they had, but reverted to a lesser." So she calls it a God-Substituting state, substituting for the worship of their former God the worship of men and leaders, a stage in development most primitive, which has been tried and now rejected by most people for many, many years.

"There are those in the supposedly God-accepting government," says the author, "who also doubt the existence of the God they once believed in. As yet they have not substituted. They don't think, don't stop long enough to think the issues out to clearness. Some wonder 'Is to believe in God a superstition?' These have only scratched the surface of the thinking of the ages. Francis Bacon said, 'A little philosophy inclineth men's minds to Atheism, but depth in philosophy inclineth men's minds to Religion.'

"In the God-Accepting government, too, are those who believe most strongly in God, the highest conception of God ever held by man. They say with Ralph Waldo Emerson, 'Science surpasses the old miracles of mythology.' Also, 'What are sciences but maps of universal laws, and universal laws but the channels of universal power, but the outgoings of a supreme universal mind?'

"Reverend William Hiram Foulkes says, 'Science and Religion no more contradict each other than light and electricity.'

"Albert Einstein, the mathematician and scientist, one of the greatest minds

the world has yet produced, acknowledges the mysterious. He says, 'The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer pause to wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead; his eyes are closed . . . To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty which our dull faculties can comprehend only in their most primitive forms—*this* knowledge, *this* feeling is at the center of true religiousness. In this sense and in this sense only, I belong in the ranks of devoutly religious men.' "

Then follows a Prologue in which the author delineates for us the highest conception of God thus far known to man down through the ages. She recounts the living things existing in the sea and in the earth, an earth teeming with life, with man but a small part of all these living beings. She then follows the growth and progress of man, follows his thinking through all the forces contending with him and with each other. She speaks of the planets, the substances in the universe, the major forces. Man is a doer, and as he does, he thinks. He thinks of better ways of doing, better ways of worshipping. With all his knowledge, he realizes there is much he still does not understand. Man marvels at "the Power-in-the - Knowledge, the Spirit - in - This - Cause." And as we marvel, we worship the Spirit-In-The-Cause, we worship God. "So now, Meet God, ONE-ALL-POWERFUL-GOD, who belongs to the highest of thinking men, God of the Law of the Universe, Substance, Balance, Life, God of Righteousness, Truth, Beauty, Love, and Knowledge. It is for you to become acquainted," says Mrs. Allen.

In an Epilogue to the little book (remember, it is only 40 small pages of large print) and in a brief page and a half, Mrs. Allen sums up the kinds of worship of men down through the ages, from man-made images, through the Hindu and the Chinese gods, and from Plato to modern man. She finally concludes, " 'As men are, so are their Gods.' " You will be better and your vision will be broadened from reading this thoughtful little book by Ruth DeBertram Allen.

* * *

Just by chance, as I laid down the above book, "Meet God," I turned to my Study desk and picked up a book just off the press in October, entitled "Create Your Own Tomorrow." The co-relation of those two titles appealed to me: "Meet God" and "Create Your Own Tomorrow." The latter book is written by Margaret Blair Johnstone, who has written it out of her years of personal counseling. The book is especially helpful because it deals with the problems of everyday living and we are in an age when everyday living is difficult. Here an understanding woman deals frankly with important problems confronting everyone.

Norman Vincent Peale (Author of "A Guide to Confident Living") says of the book, "Here is sound spiritual sanity, written in some pretty strong words."

Mrs. Johnstone is a very interesting person. Born in Detroit, Michigan, educated at Albion College, Michigan, and Chicago Theological Seminary, she has done extensive social work in Chicago, and her pertinent articles frequently appear in the well-known, popular magazines. Selections from "Create Your Own Tomorrow" have appeared in Coronet, Good Housekeeping, Today's Woman, The Woman, Your Life, Pageant and others. The Reverend Margaret Johnstone is a practicing minister in Wadhams, New York,

where she lives with her husband and two young children.

Her book is divided into four sections, "HOW TO LIVE WITH YOURSELF," "HAPPINESS IS HOMEMADE," "GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS," and "YOU CREATE YOUR OWN TOMORROW," the fourth section giving the book its title. Under the first section are these chapter titles: So You Think You Don't Need Religion!—Are You a Case of Arrested Moral Development? —Where to Take Your Problems.—Let Trouble Work For You.

Under "Happiness is Homemade," are these very intriguing sub-titles: So You Are Going to be Unfaithful!—For Wives Only: Did Your Husband Marry a Deadbeat? For Husbands Only: How to Stay in Love.—For Parents Only: What About Discipline? How to Face a Family Tragedy?

This book is not just theory. It is filled with actual cases of problems and tragedies that real people have met. In the section "Getting Along With Others," are these titles: What is Your Ethical I.Q.?—You and Your Intemperance.—Are You a Social Saboteur? —Stop Being Suspicious!

The fourth section and the one from which the book derives its title, "You Create Your Own Tomorrow," contains these sub-titles: Slow Down . . . and Live—How to Handle Crises—Lifting the Darkness of Death—and Create Your Tomorrow Now!

At the beginning of each section is a quotation. This one for section 1: "Our religion ought to be our steering wheel, but too many of us treat it as a spare tire: useful only in a blowout." —Joseph Fort Newton.

For Section II:

"If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam.
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home."
—Nathaniel Cotton

Section III: "If the human race is so stupid that in two thousand years it has not had brains enough to appreciate the secret of happiness contained in one simple sentence which you'd think any school child could understand and apply, then it's time we dumped it down the nearest drain and let the ants have a chance. That simple sentence is: 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' "—Eugene O'Neill in an interview just before the premiere of The Iceman Cometh.

Section IV:

"A sailor buried on this coast
Bids you, 'Set sail!'
Full many a bark, when his was lost,
Weathered the gale."
—Epitaph on Greek Grace, 404 B.C.

For practical, down-to-earth, good, everyday advice and suggestions, it would be well worth anyone's time to read this book, "Create Your Own Tomorrow," by Margaret Blair Johnstone, a woman who has had first-hand experience with all phases of life, and who has helped hundreds of lives over the rough spots.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

ON a recent visit to my favorite beauty shop I was introduced to a magazine I hadn't read before. Elfrieda Stewart, my hair dresser and my good friend, handed me a small magazine of the same size as the Reader's Digest and said, "Have you seen the October copy of 'Your Life'?" I admitted I had not and had never read the magazine. Elfrieda (or "Freddie" as I affectionately call her) suggested I turn to an article entitled "Live Alone and Look It," by Gelett Burgess.

I heartily recommend the article to you. I am sure that many people have thought at one time or another that it would be very peaceful to live alone. This thought might very well ease itself into your mind after a hectic mental bout with a member of your family who had borrowed your tie, your clean blouse, your favorite handkerchief, or some other article of wearing apparel, without so much as a "By your leave," or later on, a thank you. Or the thought might occur to you on the particular morning when you had overslept and thus had lost your turn at the bathroom, this making you later than ever, on a morning when you should have been a bit early. Oh, there are many occasions when another member of the family doesn't fit in smoothly with our scheme of things. But you must read this article before you hunt up a real estate dealer or an architect, in search of a spot where you may become a hermit, for how else could you find a new place to live now-a-days, except you go out and build it.

The author of "Live Alone and Look It" (do you remember the book "Live Alone and Like It?") tells us that we are just a little bit different in our reactions with our Aunt, with Grandma, with Brother, Sister, Daughter, Father, or a roommate, and that though the differences may be very subtle, this constant necessary adjustment wears off the rough edges of our character. There we certainly have the germ of an idea that may help us improve our personalities. The next time things are not running too smoothly between you and Grandma Heath, just recollect that you are very fortunate in not living all alone, for here is a golden opportunity to "wear off one of your rough edges" and to make Grandma think you are a rather swell person, even though you are a relative. Another thing,—it's getting along toward Christmas (perish the thought!) and while that is certainly injecting a selfish thought, it occurs to me that life is a series of habit-forming acts and even though little Willie is "good as he can be" just before Christmas, if you can keep little Willie being good for a sufficiently long period before Christmas, the "habit" may hold over till quite a while after Christmas, and though the original urge may have been purely selfish, yet the habit of being "good" is certainly well worth acquiring. If a selfish purpose ends up by causing us to acquire an unselfish habit, we have improved that elusive something called "personality."

Haven't you seen people who live all alone, shut up either in a little room or "rattling around alone" in a big house, and haven't they looked a bit wizened up?

Of course we can't always regulate just how we shall live, whether with many people or all by ourselves, and certainly there are many beautiful souls who, though living alone, yet live in "a house by the side of a road" where many people pass in and out their door, so no one would be dogmatic about it. It is an intriguing title and thought, however,—"Live alone and look it," and it certainly holds a warning that if we do live alone, for goodness sake, let's try not to "look it," but keep our outside contacts.

Think of dear little Miss Ferguson of Belvidere, who though living alone, keeps her door open to the world and all during the war wrote to so many, many boys "over there," not living alone at all, but helping in every way and everywhere she could, though having lived literally on her back in bed for years and years—isn't it 51? So, whatever we do and however we live or may be forced to live, don't let's "Live Alone and Look It," but if we do live alone, let us keep in touch with the wonderful world about us in some way. It may have to be by telephone or by letter sometimes, but there's always a way to keep interested in something and someone besides ourselves.

This is Thanksgiving month and I'm always reminded of Dr. Bradley's suggestion to make it a "Thank you" month by thanking the people who have been helpful to us, people perhaps who receive little thanks from the world in general and who will be made so happy by an expression of gratitude. It's like giving the flowers now, the flower of gratitude, which blesses those who give it quite as much as the one who receives. And now to look into the Mail Bag:

* * *

Our first letter is from our "Wake of the News" friend and our Peoples Church friend, Corinna Robbins, of 1325 Wilson Ave., Chicago; a very beautiful letter to publish in the Thanksgiving number; a lovely letter of appreciation, both of the work of Mrs. Bradley and of Dr. Bradley.

"Dear Miss Smalley:

"How happy I was to read in the August number of the 'Liberalist' that you intended to carry on with the 'Radio Mail Bag.'

"I'm sure 'Lady Gracious' as you called her would wish you to. Personally, I think you are doing a beautiful job and I feel your association with her will bring you rich reward.

"We do miss her so much, though her presence is still felt. Such a beautiful character can't go away entirely, can she?

"We of the radio were so happy to hear Dr. Bradley's voice come so clearly again into our homes, through our loud speakers. We've missed him all summer. He really doesn't realize what an inspiration he is to us. We're blessed in having him and trust he will have the strength to carry on. He really has been wonderful, hasn't he? I have been over to church service since Mrs. Bradley went away, but lacked the strength to speak to him.

"Last evening I took a few things over for the Bazaar and gave them to Mr. Wood. One was a new picture of Niagara Falls—nature's own beauty, and are they beautiful! I'm framing a few pictures for Christmas and thought maybe you could use one at the Bazaar.

"Hope you'll like my little verse 'Autumn Leaves,' which I'm enclosing.

"Thanking you for all the lovely things that come to us through your

column, I am, sincerely yours,

Corinna Robbins."

AUTUMN LEAVES

One by one the autumn leaves fall fast
Revealing life's present and her past.
The green speak of babyhood—
Tender, sweet and fair;
The crimson smiles like lovely youth,
That age that takes a dare!
Amethyst tells of middle-age—
Love, sorrow, pain and care;
But the gold reveals life's victory won
And God's will be done.

Corinna Robbins,
October, 1950.

We are grateful to Miss Robbins for her lovely verse, for her gift to the Bazaar and for many lovely things she has done for The Peoples Church. I shall look forward to seeing the new picture of Niagara Falls.

* * *

Our closing letter is from the Reverend Waldemar Argow of The Peoples Church of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the author of "What Do Religious Liberals Believe."

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"The September *Liberalist* has just arrived, and right away I want to get this line off to you to say how very much indeed I appreciated the lengthy review of my book and the kind remarks you had to make. The whole thing was exceedingly generous, and I am deeply grateful.

"I have been intending to write you this summer to try to say how inexpressibly sorry I was to learn of Mrs. Bradley's death. Anything I might say would be woefully inadequate, but I want you to know that we (I spent most of the summer with the family in New England) thought of you a great many times these past few months.

"All best wishes for the year ahead. May it be an even more effective and successful one—if that's possible!

Regards,

Wally,
Waldemar Argow."

* * *

From the Study window, as one looks over the treetops of Lincoln Park and to the lake beyond, the coloring this fall day reminds one of a tapestry of muted green and brown tones. Though yellow and russet tones are there, the lovely reds are sadly missing. A neighbor who lives next door to the Study, Clifford Lyon, a very talented artist, has just returned from a trip up to the Green Bay region. His mother was showing me several water colors he did while up north and what a treat to the eye were those vivid splashes of red and the brilliant, glittering yellows of the North Woods. Too bad we can't all take just a few days to drive up north or way down east where the red leaves are fluttering in the fall breezes. It might be a good time to look in on the Art Institute, just to remind one of what fall looks like in other climes than this. A beautiful painting can do much to bring the joys of nature into one's consciousness. Don't let us neglect our Chicago opportunities this fall and winter.

And now we close the Mail Bag and thank you for your encouraging letters.

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

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